

# Latin School Register



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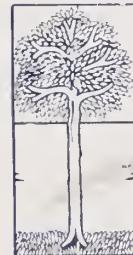
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# *The* Register

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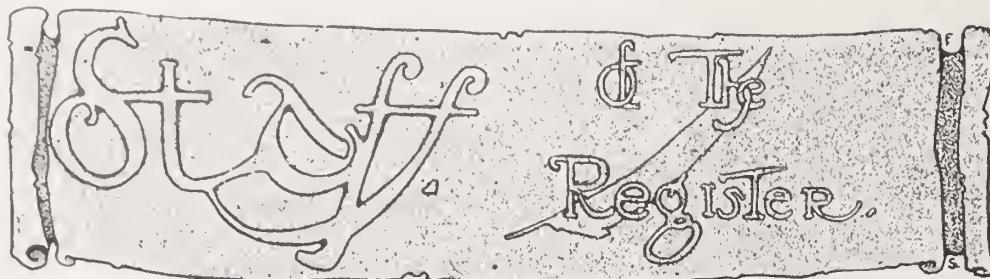


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## Christmas

Christmas, the climax of a year of pleasant hopes and expectations, has arrived. It brings with its merriment pleasant thoughts and noble deeds. These thoughts may be directly traced to the foundation of real success and happiness, charity. Charity is love, the joy of mortals, the hope of saints, and the attribute of omnipotent Jehovah. Charity makes us pleasing in the just eye of Him who was its founder. What is more radiant than the happy eye of a joyful child? What is more noble than true sincere charity? Shall we be selfish and cold-hearted toward the needy and destitute? Are we to make this season one of good will and charity or one of parsimonious egotism? Charity is sharing; not only our material wealth but our happiness, our own personal happiness and joy.

Is a mere coin tossed into the lap of a ragged, pleading child love or charity? It is neither. "The gift without the giver is bare." So to love is to be charitable and charity is sharing the pleasures of our Christmas with others.

By custom Christmas has become a time for the exchanging of gifts. This custom is not new but rather an old custom of the East. It is to be remembered that gifts are often but a sign of respect and compensation and are given in proportion to our riches. Consider the message that the gift bears, not its intrinsic value.

Lastly there is faith. What are we to say on this subject dragged through the turbulent ages!

Merely the old Yuletide criterion of:

"Peace on earth, good-will to men of unshattered  
Faith."



*A. R. Rosenberg, '26.*

Nestling among the New England hills, a bright jewel of red and green in its drab setting, was Brodney, a typical college town. It was small, but its intense loyalty to Brodney College was a tradition: townspeople spoke proudly of "our college", gloried in its victories, and sorrowed for its defeats. For this reason, and because the college was the town's support, the pranks of the undergrads had not only been tolerated, but even looked upon as a sort of advertisement. Indeed, the editor of the Brodney *Bugle*, the local paper, made these capers the subjects of very many of his editorials besides recording each event and placing it conspicuously in his "live news" section. He, with proper fortitude, treated it in a "boys will be boys" manner. This lenient attitude was the one adopted by the rest of the townsfolk. Possibly the students took advantage of it. There is everywhere a tendency "to take the whole hand if you're offered a finger." The college men perhaps had taken the whole hand and were contentedly masticating it.

Lately, however, a decided change had been noticed in the townspeople. Since the worsted mill had come to town and had been put on a paying basis through the energetic efforts of its live wire manager, a Mr. Osgood, the escapades of the students were frowned on. Rarely did such news find its way into Editor Joe Tinkham's columns, except to be severely criticized.

The town was agog with excitement. The tiniest bit of information concerning the mill was snapped up and eagerly commented on. The college, it seemed, had been forgotten, pushed aside to be brought to light with severe criticism when the antics of the students disturbed the serene life of the townspeople.

Brodney had grown tired of seeing barefoot seniors rolling pennies on the street with their noses. No longer would it stand for blindfolded freshmen on roller skates, their hands tied behind their backs crazily traversing Main St. and blocking the traffic. "The day of horseplay has gone," as Editor Tinkham emphatically put it.

The college men were not greatly disturbed. At first there was a slight stir of excitement, then an equally slight lull, and finally graduated forgetfulness. Brodneyites paid small attention to this crusade against their "rights" as they deemed them and the "frats" merrily loosed their throng of initiates in unrestraint on Brodney's streets. The townspeople resented this fiercely, and led by the energetic Osgood, manager of the mill, voiced their complaint to the college authorities. For

all that, the fraternities paid no attention, and a second crop of nuisances was set free on Brodney.

This time results came fast. Five members of the junior class were arrested and forced to spend the night in the local hoosegow, besides having to pay a fine. The faculty had its say and the demerits piled up in an astonishing manner. The undergrads began to sit up and take notice. The town plus the faculty versus the students appeared to be a one sided contest. The college men grew cautious and deeds that would have provoked merriment in the past were now rarely attempted, for punishment was swift and sure. If the culprit was caught, he called down upon his luckless head Editor Tinkham's biting sarcasm, and what was more to be feared, Constable Weatherbee's wrath. The times were deplorable indeed, and the sentiment of the college was expressed in the despondent cry uttered by one of the more studiously inclined, "O tempora! O Mores! O ye shades of Nick Altrock! Help us, for we despair!"

It was a lamentable situation, indeed, that the undergraduates were now facing. They were virtually deprived of the right of making fools of themselves, of making fools of their mates and of making imbeciles of each other. And, alas, Brodney was fast becoming sedate and orderly. Sad in truth, was the present state of affairs!

Nevertheless, the element of unrest was rife in the ranks of all Brodney College. It needed but a trifle to set it off. That trifle was a proclamation by the councilmen, who had the consent of the faculty, forbidding any college student on the streets after ten o'clock at night.

When the Brodneyites learned of this, from the lowliest freshman to the haughtiest senior they were up in arms. Yet such strict watch was kept that no chance for any sort of retaliation was given. The student-body was powerless and woe to the adventurous undergrad who trod Brodney's streets after the solemn hour of ten was tolled.

The most ingenious and mischievous fellow in college, the fellow capable of the most deviltry, was acknowledged to be Dick Thornton. His blue eyes and cherubic countenance, surmounted by wavy blond hair, had always won for him the most desirable "prom bids". He was, it seemed, the bane of his teachers' lives, the despair of his father, and, at the same time, the pride of his class and the conceit of his mother. This, reader, is the hero, or, if you wish, the villain.

This paradoxical person belonged to the fraternity that had the greatest grievance against Sheriff Weatherbee and all that he stood for. Phi Delta Gamma's initials were among those that had been jailed. The Brodney *Bugle* had specifically called this fraternity "undesirable". The ire of the members was raised. The hurt rankled in every breast. The time had come to avenge its wrongs. Phi Delta Gamma cast about for some means of revenge, and, as usual the responsibility fell on the stalwart shoulders of Dick Thornton. His orders were brief, verbal, and to the point. They were, "Give 'em fits."

\* \* \* \* \*

The hands of the town hall clock pointed to the hour of ten. Ten o'clock had struck five minutes ago at the worsted mill, but then, the town hall clock was always five minutes slow. The few stores that had remained open now prepared to close. One by one the lights were put out. Only the string of electric lights over the middle of the road were lit. At eleven o'clock these were shut off and Brodney was in

total darkness. Here and there a stray cat sat on a fence and made moaning noises. Once a dog howled at the moon, whose big broad face cast the only light upon the town. Except for these noises, and the occasional whir of a bat, the night with its silence held full sway.

Up the street from the college dormitories came muffled sounds growing in volume though deadened in tone. With the light of the full moon shining on his face, Dick Thornton was laboriously pushing a large object in front of him. It looked like a piano but it was on wheels, and the rims of the wheels were swathed with cloths.

"Whew," grunted Thornton, as he toiled at the handles projecting from the main body of the affair, "this is awfully heavy. And noisy too," he added in an undertone, looking cautiously about him.

Once he stopped to rest and to make sure of his ground. It was then that he perceived a crank on the side of the machine and a grin spread over his features. He grasped it and gave an experimental turn three or four inches to the right. A clattering, discordant noise, as if someone had drummed a tattoo upon a dishpan, came from the instrument. Hearing this, he smiled happily and began to push the cumbersome object with renewed vigor up the slight hill that led to his destination.

Before him, three houses loomed up like sleeping sentinels silhouetted by the moon. In the first of these lived Tinkham, the editor of the *Brodney Bugle*. Across the street was Sheriff Weatherbee's home. About fifty yards beyond these two, lived Osgood, manager of the mill. The moon on high gazed unwinkingly at this quiet scene, yet it seemed to Dick that that sly old rogue, the man in the moon, grinned cheerfully at him, urging him on and encouraging him.

With cautious steps he wheeled his bulky contraption past the two houses that faced each other and then stopped midway between Osgood's dwelling and the homes of the other two leaders of the "anti-initiate" movement. A clear space, a field, was between the three houses, and taking advantage of it, Dick pushed the queer shaped affair into the ditch and then up onto the field. He was now some twenty feet from the road.

His position was a strategic one. Undergrowth surrounded him on all sides but the rear. Here was Sheriff Weatherbee's cornfield. Dick was far enough from each house not to be seen, yet near enough for his purposes. Back of him was a cross-road with no houses on it for a half mile. Having provided for his retreat, he fastened a blue silk handkerchief over the lower part of his face. Although he was the nerviest fellow in college, that did not prevent his hands from trembling a bit. If he should be found out,—! Visions of expulsion, an irate father, a heartbroken mother, a storming dean, came to him. His natural flow of spirits, however, pulled him forth from this soliloquy and he murmured with a sickly grin:

"I won't fail. I can't."

Stooping, he took off the cloth covering on the wheels and glanced carefully around him. The night, at that moment, was as silent as the grave. With a fast beating heart, Thornton grasped the crank that projected from the side of the machine and turned it quickly to the right.

The still night was pierced with the shrill refrain of that popular song, "From One Till Two," played by a hurdy gurdy! Dick Thornton crouched lower and turned the handle faster. Louder and faster, shriller and more discordant was the sound that came from that hand organ. Thornton pushed a switch in its side and

the machine burst into that senseless and raucous chorus of "What Does the Pussy-cat Mean When She Says Meow"?

Windows were raised on all sides and sleepy indignant heads were thrust out who demanded in no uncertain tones the cause of this nocturnal serenade.

The machine paid no heed to them, however, galloped into "I'm Mindin' My Business", and landed on it with all four hoofs.

Sheriff Weatherbee, the first to act, clad in the full dignity of the law and a red flannel nightshirt, opened a window, poked an immense shotgun out, and let drive a charge of buckshot.

Dick Thornton lay on the ground scared stiff, but so entirely frightened that he automatically kept turning the crank. Jubilantly, the fiendish instrument burst into "Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses" while the hostile missiles of manager Osgood fell short and the powerful oratorical voice of Editor Tinkham besought the gods to omit the plague.

Sheriff Weatherbee's corpulent figure could be seen approaching under a huge double barreled shotgun. Fear grasped Dick Thornton, but the thrice accursed instrument elected to play, "California, Here I Come". Dropping the crank as if it were red hot, and grasping the handles of the hurdy-gurdy. Dick set out at a pace that bade fair to bring him to the land of the movie stars in record time despite his incumbrance.

Galloping along the road behind him came two different figures. Sheriff Ed Weatherbee, stuttering with rage and overflowing with wrath, forced his rotund figure to its utmost speed. Toward him, with arms flailing the air like a miniature windmill, came the long, lanky Osgood. They collided with a crash due partly to the darkness, for the moon, as if it were in league with Dick, vanished behind a fleecy cloud. Like two maddened hornets the men picked themselves up and began to hunt the author of the horrible disturbance. Prudent Editor Tinkham, sensing a fight, remained carefully at home, while Dick Thornton, running as if for dear life, pushed the unwieldy hand-organ before him and escaped in the darkness.

By the next morning, the news, in some mysterious manner, had been learned by the townspeople and sly winks and grins greeted the three men.

"We will have justice," roared Editor Tinkham, proceeding to devote a good two-thirds of his paper to a minute summary of the "outrage".

Sheriff Weatherbee arrested two hurdy-gurdy grinders and in spite of their tempestuous and volcanic arguing and protest had them lodged in jail.

On the campus, the story was received with roars of laughter and a general feeling that only a mighty clever undergrad could perpetrate such an outrage on Brodney and get away with it.

And so, for two days had the Brodney *Bugle* promised speedy retribution. Furthermore, for two days and two nights had Sheriff Weatherbee's apoplectic anger kept him running from town to town in search of organ-grinders.

On the third day, however, the storm broke. Editor Tinkham's impassioned editorials had done it. The *Associa'ed Press* had scooped the news and the world at large deemed it rare sport, forsooth, to open its morning papers and be regaled with the story of the "outrage".

Sheriff Weatherbee's mail tripled over night. The mail of the editor of the *Bugle* grew so large and ridiculing that that worthy became confused and for a week

more or less, the inhabitants of Brodney went without their morning paper. As for the third member of the triumvirate, his actions were influenced by a broad sense of humor.

Phi Delta Gamma rejoiced. Their plan was the one that had caused all the excitement and had forced the "ten o'clock" edict into non-existence. With good reason they felt proud of one Dick Thornton and regarded him in the light of a hero. He was champion of the rights of the college.

At the next meeting, every member that could get there short of committing murder, was present. The meeting hall, with its stone fireplace and elk's head, was crowded. The chairman hoisted Dick Thornton to the platform 'mid a salvo of cheers.

"Speech! Speech!" cried the members in unison.

"Well, really, fellows—," began Dick. He was interrupted by the sharp ring of the doorbell, the stamp of heavy feet, and loud authoritative voices.

The Phi Delta Gamma-ites looked at each other. Every member nearly, was present. Were they discovered?

An appalling silence lasted for a moment. Then the sergeant-at-arms slowly opened the door. In marched three burly expressmen carrying a huge wooden box.

"Sign here," grunted the foremost extending his blank book, "Message inside."

As soon as the expressmen had left, three students attacked the box with hammers, saws, and hatchets. The air was filled with splinters and the screeching noise of cracking boards. After five minutes of nerve-racking waiting the box was finally demolished, and there stood resplendent in bright colors—a hurdy gurdy!—a hurdy gurdy with a big label pasted on it addressed to Richard Thornton, and a message attached which read,—"Music hath its charms. Bygones are bygones, and I wish you the best of luck." S. N. OSGOOD.

While the Phi Delta Gamma-ites gazed at their latest contribution dumb-founded and amazed, from far off came the distant sound of a hurdy gurdy playing that well known air which has to do with the improbability of further rain.

*Finis.*



WATCH FOR THE	<b>HUMOR NUMBER</b>	NEXT MONTH
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## Snow Royal

Bernard F. Devlin, '26

Gloom! The sun was just setting, and the rough-walled cell, gloomy enough in broad daylight, was now downright dismal and nearly darkened. The somber light of the dying sun struck across the cell from the little square (it could hardly be called a window) high in the western wall, and outlined a pale yellow circle, not unlike a halo, in the opposite corner. Here on the damp, mossy flagstones that floored the prison lay a collie, his soft brown eyes raised toward the square in the wall with a longing that only an imprisoned being can feel. Snow Royal was a splendid animal. Even in this faint light his silken coat gleamed white, offering an unexpected contrast to his dank surroundings. For Royal was proud of his fur, as all collie-dogs are, and would sit stroking it for hours at a time with his long tongue. Unlike man, he did not become slothful simply because he was hidden from the outside world. Not a single day passed but what he washed himself thoroughly. His muzzle was rather broad for a collie, and his wine-colored eyes were set far apart in an immensely large head, giving him an appearance of intelligence beyond that of a dog.

Just now, however, with one ear up and the other down, he looked more like a wistful puppy than the old thoroughbred that he was. Old? Well, can one spend two whole years in prison, and still feel frisky? The dog counted each day a year, so you can see that he was by no means young. Queer thing, a dog in prison. A criminal? Absurd, an animal is incapable of crime. That is within a man's power alone. Something stirred in the darkness. The dog looked up, sighed, and turned over on his side.

\* \* \* \* \*

Visions. The poor dog was always seeing them. Pleasant visions they were, but torturing to him. He saw Snow Royal as he had been, the pride of his master's kennels. Master had loved all his dogs, but he had been the only one of them that had ever been allowed into Master's study. Oh, how marvellous was that room! Memories of it drifted back to him like the fragrant smoke of the smoldering pine-logs before which he had so often lain: the dull, glittering andirons, the warm, smooth hearthstones; the heavy, richly-bound books that adorned one wall; the ancient, slow-ticking clock in the corner; the two skins on the spotted floor, one spotted, the other almost as white as his own, the rifles crossed over the fire-place, and directly beneath on the mantle-piece, two pictures, one of them his own. *His* picture! How proud he had been of it! Often Master would take it down and show it to him! With his big head on Master's knees, he would gaze upon his miniature counterpart with such intelligence that Master would laugh and give him a gentle push. He liked to hear Master laugh. How he missed his voice! Then he would curl up at Master's feet and stare into the fire, and see all sorts of wonderful things in the red and blue flame. And when Master had opened his book and lighted his pipe, he would kick off his slippers and bury his feet in Snow Royal's warm fur. It pleased Royal to have Master use him for a rug instead of that white skin! Soon the book would drop, the pipe burn out, and he and Master would doze.

Among Master's friends was a young fellow called Laurie. Master was very fond of him, and so was Royal. Often, when Master was not in, the light-haired young man would come into the study and stretch himself out in Master's arm-chair, smoke Master's cigars, and drink Master's wine. And when Master came in,

he would slap Laurie on the back and take out a deck of cards. Laurie's voice, soft at times, would rise to a harsh note when a card was accidentally turned over, and change to crowing triumph when he made a brilliant play. Now Master seemed to like this sideplay of hot temper, and thought it becoming to a youth. But the dog did not like it. Animals interpret human feelings by tone, not by words, and are thus never deceived.

One evening in late November, while Master was gone to town and Snow Royal was half asleep in the arm-chair, the study door was roughly opened, and in stampeded Laurie. He was muttering to himself and did not take off his hat as usual. The dog looked at him and turned away in disgust at this seemingly uncalled-for fit of temper. The next instant he felt the blow of a cane across his back and was shoved roughly to the floor, and very nearly into the fire.

"Curse you, get out o' here!" cried the young mad-man. Snow Royal looked sulky, but he had resolved long ago never to lose his temper as Laurie did. It was too ridiculous. Besides, he was Master's friend. The youth threw himself into the chair, coat, hat, and all, and continued to mutter. Suddenly he arose with an oath, and strode to the mantle-piece. There, beside the dog's picture, was another, framed in heavy silver and studded with designs. Master had always looked at this picture, whenever he would take down Royal's to show it to the dog. Once the collie had taken his eyes off his own picture long enough to glance at the other. It was the photograph of a beautiful woman. Not that Snow Royal was the least interested in women, beautiful or otherwise; in fact he despised them as weak, drivelling creatures. But Master seemed to admire the picture so much that the dog felt that he could bear to have it stand beside his on the mantle-piece, though he felt many a pang of jealousy.

Laurie seized this picture in both hands, looked lovingly on it for a brief instant, and then, with a terrible throaty curse, dashed both pictures to the hearth-stones, where they splintered. Little did Snow Royal know or care about love affairs, but he did know that Master would be angry when he came in. Master seldom was angry, but when he was, he was truly so. It was not often that the two friends quarreled, although that was not Laurie's fault; and so now, fearing to witness a painful episode, the dog crept under the couch. Oh, would to Heaven he had not!

He heard Master's steps on the stairs outside, heard the door open, heard a fiendish yell, a shot, a cry of pain, and looked up to see Master fall to the floor heavily. The dog was upon Laurie in an instant, but too late. The deed was done. Master never rose again, never even said good-bye when he left. Next morning they took Laurie away, and decided to put the slain man's dog in the same cell, as a safe-guard against possible escape.

\* \* \* \* \*

Light dawned, grew, lightened the cell—somewhat. But the dim gray was little less dreary than utter darkness. At least, in the darkness, one might not see the walls about him.

There was a stir in the corner, and a yawn; and there, leaning on one elbow in his cot, lay a tow-headed youth, gazing up at the window. A husky voice uttered, "Dawn again!" How many times he had said those two words in exactly the same way! And when night settled, he would croak, "Darkness again!" At dawn he would pray for darkness, at darkness for dawn.

Winter had gone, come, and gone again—outside. Inside, one could always see his breath. When he had first entered the cell, they had seemed more lenient

with him than with ordinary prisoners, perhaps because of his youth. They had brought him a comb and a razor, without any hesitation. If he had wished to kill himself with the razor, why, that was *his* affair, and it would save the warden five shillings for his execution. After the first week of imprisonment, however, he considered himself very lucky if he received one meal a day.

The prisons of Europe, even in England, were at that time far from being systematic. The gaoler brought the prisoners their food whenever he had any spare time, and he seemed always to be busy. If his wife cooked something which he didn't like, such as bean soup, the prisoners would have it. If he felt too tired in the morning to walk to the main prison, the prisoners would survive throughout the day on fresh air—fresh if they were confined in one of the “lighter cells.” Laurie, however, was in a death-cell.

Once in two or three years a magistrate and his staff, who knew something of crime (probably from personal experiences) would visit the prison, hold a mock trial, and be paid for having a prisoner put to death. The magistrate was called the “justice.” Laurie remembered the first month of his imprisonment, when this visit had been made, and two of his fellow-criminals had been sent “from the frying-pan into the fire.” He had climbed to the cell window and looked down. The condemned men, two great hairy fellows, had been led across the yard to the annex, reeling unsteadily as they went, and gazing with a longing despair up at their cells. Some minutes later a black flag was unfurled from the tower of the annex, and Laurie fell back into his cell with sickening weakness. It was then he had sworn never to be led across that yard. He reasoned with himself. It could surely be of no benefit to his departed friend that he remain in prison. But he would be committing another crime in breaking out and escaping justice. But what mattered another to a murderer? A murderer? What a heinous name! Nevertheless, that was what he was, and that was what he would hang for. No, No! He would not hang. Impossible! He would force his way out, kill the gaoler if necessary, but he would not hang! He would be free!

These rebellious outbursts gradually gave way to dogged endeavor. He realized first of all that he must renew his friendship with Snow Royal, for he saw it would be impossible to escape if the dog were his enemy. At first this had been a difficult task for the slayer of the dog's master. The collie would snarl at him, and for days at a time he was afraid to leave his cot, lest he be bitten on the legs by Snow Royal. One day, however, after he had purposely starved the dog for three days, he called Royal to him. The dog showed his teeth, and remained motionless, but hunger soon overcame his other feelings, and he suffered himself to be fed. After this he came closer to be patted, and even lay at the foot of the little cot sometimes. Laurie's was a half-hearted, selfish friendship; that of the dog, sincere. Laurie's pats and caresses were received in good faith, and returned doubly. Such is an animal,—to be deceived, not to deceive.

The young prisoner plucked up hope now, and told himself that he could not afford to become physically weak, if he were some day to make his escape. So he exercised every day, sometimes very strenuously. When he arose in the morning he would lift his iron cot to his shoulders and carry it about the cell for a half hour. Then he would take one of the granite blocks which he had dug out of the floor, and toss it up to the ceiling, catching it as it descended like a cannon-ball. He kept count of the number of times he dropped it, and of late, it had become surprisingly

small. At other times he would wrestle with Snow Royal, often succeeding in holding him flat on his back, with one hand on his throat. The dog never bit, but always put up a strong battle against the youth. They were the best of friends now.

On this day of early spring, he stretched himself and smiled as he lifted the dirty covering of his cot. There between the folds of the threadbare blanket lay a razor, worn to a strip by the friction of steel upon steel. Its edge was nicked saw-like. Day after day the young prisoner had filed at the iron bars, and last night he had cut the last one through.

That day he did not exercise. He could not, he was too nervous. He ate only because he knew that great deeds are never accomplished on an empty stomach. He paced the floor. He struck his hands together, and sighed impatiently. Would darkness never come? At last the cell was gloomy again, and he knew that the sun was about to set. With nervous fingers he stood his cot on end and climbed to the window.

Low in the pale-blue sky hung the crimson sun, like a huge oriental lantern, and around and about it lay a host of wispy pink and white clouds, escorting the ancient monarch to his bed. To the left lay an open field surrounded by woodland, and from the near edge of the wood emerged a narrow stream. Winding and twisting it hurried past and disappeared at the far end, delving deep into the woods, as if mortally afraid of having come so near the prison.

On the right lay the town, a pretty spectacle, with its group of small houses hugging the parish church, their myriads of polished windows all ablaze with the fire of the sun.

Tears of joy dimmed the youthful prisoner's eyes. How lovely was the world! After two years—freedom. Even as he gazed, the sun made a glorious bow and disappeared, leaving the pretty scene in a cheerless dusk.

Laurie wedged a hand and shoulder between the two middle bars, and pushed. They bent a little. He pushed again and got both shoulders through. He remained at the window while the stars appeared one by one in the clear sky. His plan of escape was simple. He would leap from the window at nine o'clock, a time when he knew the warden and his sons to be abed, crawl across the dusty yard to the wall, and scale it. He was sure that that would be easy, for he was in the best of trim. Once outside he would follow any plan which might occur to him. If detected before he reached the wall,—well, he had his razor.

The church-bell struck nine times. A foot was pushed through the twisted bars, followed quickly by a body, and Laurie quivering with excitement, found himself seated on the narrow stone sill of his cell window. He looked down, and shuddered. In the moonlight everything looked different. He had estimated the drop at about thirty feet; it certainly looked fifty. He felt weak, uncertain, and grasped the bars tighter. He couldn't leap that distance,—impossible. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead, and he felt chilled in his thin clothes. He even thought of going back to his cell and of waiting until some other night. But then it might be too late! What if the "justice" should come tomorrow?

The bell struck again. Time was flying! The prisoner let himself over the edge of the sill gripping the cold bars in an icy grasp. A quick rasping breath, a scraping of cloth against rough stone, a thud—and a moan. For a long time the youth lay in a crumpled heap on the ground. Then he raised himself on his hands, and gazed with horror-stricken eyes at his legs—both broken. Bitting his bloodless lips he be-

gan to crawl toward the outer wall. If he could only make it! Nobody had yet—. A shadow streaked through the air above him, and the prisoner instinctively covered his head with his hands. A fury body struck heavily on his shoulders, burying his face in the dust. A bark rang out through the stillness. Snow Royal!! Lights! In another instant three men hurried up and laid hold of him.

"It's 219, East, quick! He's hurt! Bring him to the house." He heard no more. In a warm room where sat the warden and his two sons, Laurie regained consciousness. Snow Royal had been lying by the fire, but when he heard his friend turn over, he bounded toward the bed. Laurie turned his face to the wall again, and his body was shaken with sobs. The dog hung his tail low, and backed away. Why was Laurie so cross with him? He had jumped just as far as he, and had expected to receive at least some word of praise, if not a pat. But Laurie would not even look at him!!!

Two days later he sat on the steps of the old house, musing sorrowfully. First Master had left him without speaking, and now Laurie was gone. Tears came to the dog's eyes. He was sorely perplexed.

A solemn bell sounded from the annex of the prison. As the dog looked up, a flag was unfurled from the turret-pole—a black flag.

*Finis.*

---

## Examinations in France

*Max Levine, '07.*

Examinations in France for any diploma or degree are always twofold: written, and oral. After the candidates have tried the searching written examinations, they must wait two or three days till the list of those admitted is posted. Then the successful ones go through even more searching oral examinations before a university professor in each subject. To add to the glory of the candidates, their relatives and friends are cordially invited to attend, as the Latin poet has it, "magna comitante caterva."

The scope of my article does not allow me to compare in detail the "lycée" with our high school. It is sufficient to state that the last year in a lycée includes the Sophomore work of most of our universities. The lad does not receive any diploma from his lycée, but must pass the "State" examination for the "baccalauréat," held in the various academic centres. The possession of this certificate is considered the goal of all secondary school

work. Without that no one can go on in the higher branches. With it almost any door is open to the ambitious boy. The road to this "degree" is so beset with difficulties (not the least of which is the pecuniary side, for one pays to attend the lycée), and the standard is so high, that not many boys reach the goal. Those who do are considered the strong, intelligent "men" of the community. The Latin School graduate may with reason compare favorably his diploma with that of the French boy. One of our former graduates, a doctor in a Pennsylvania town, was showing his diplomas from various schools and universities to an admiring group of friends last year, and pointing to one of the parchments, he said: "I sweated most for this one, the Boston Latin School diploma." The Frenchman will use almost the same, homely expression about his examination, the "bachot" he calls it, and he says: "J'ai sué sang et eau."

At the lycée finals the spectators

may and do bring things to eat, they unwrap the paper bundles noisily, they talk amongst themselves as to this or that, and follow the movements of their dear Raoul or Etienne with eager, appreciative eyes, as he stands up at the board and goes through some problem or other for that horrid old examiner in the chair. Just that one man stands between their precious boy and success. Every question asked by the examiner is repeated, if necessary, by one spectator to another in an audible whisper, and if mental telepathy could do its work, the boy would have a dozen answers just begging to be heard. I wonder how many of the audience could answer the questions?

Examinations are held about the first two weeks in July, so as to finish before July 14th, when the summer vacation begins. The day for the orals is generally hot, and when the poor fellow, all excited as he is, up very early for several days, probably hungry since the meagre breakfast of a piece of bread and butter and a cup of weak "coffee" or chocolate, gives a most extraordinary answer, what we term a "schoolboy howler," his entire family tree sighs in despair. Rarely does a boy astonish his professors with any precious wisdom. From what I have witnessed and from my own experiences, I shall go so far as to say that some examiners try to find out what the candidate does not know, and they are highly successful in that task. In some localities the reputation of such and such a professor is notorious for miles around. "They shall not pass!" must be his slogan. No doubt he will have put on his tombstone: "Oderint dum metuant." Such tactics remind me always of a certain passage in "Alice in Wonderland," a book that amuses the French schoolboy very much, despite the difficulties therein. The Hatter is testifying before the

King; he is pale and he fidgets. "Give your evidence," said the King; "and don't be nervous, or I'll have you beheaded on the spot." This did not seem to encourage the witness at all.

Now in the French university the same tense situation obtains. Our first written examination last summer was at 6.45 A. M. This was to avoid the heat, I was told. We were to write till noon. I couldn't help suggesting to the examiner in charge that 6.00 A. M. or even 5.00 A. M. would be better, if any heat were to be avoided. "Oh no!" said he, "that would be too early," and he was serious. My readers can possibly imagine what time we got up for the two days of written examinations. At any rate, less than half of the candidates survived, when the admissibility list was posted in three days. Then the orals began before three professors, with the audience in the background. The spectators always consider the university orals like a good show. Some of them get the morning off at their places of employment (as they always do for funerals), and sit around the examination hall, laughing with the professors and at you, to your eternal mortification. You vow that some day you will be a spectator, too. Your relatives and friends are extremely anxious for you; how glad they are when you escape the trap set for you by the ogre in the chair! how they grit their teeth and suffer when you get caught!

Naturally I did not have any special "mourners" present, so I went ahead quietly and matched my Boston wits against the native French ingenuity. The examiners have a wonderful genius in picking out some little thing that they said in class last October or November; you of course were there, and noted it at that time. To omit the harrowing details, let me say that the candidates took turns in the different

subjects before the several professors, and for four hours the merry battle went on. Then all but the professors left the hall, each one of us commiserating with the other. One always remembers the wrong things one said. Some of the candidates were in tears, some were being complimented for a brilliant recovery when things looked dark.

When that afternoon the final lists were posted, I could not help quoting those famous lines so often declaimed by our boys:

Of a hundred men who went into the  
fight,  
Numbered but twenty that answered  
"Here!"

The ratio is not very far from the truth.

To close this article fitly, I am appending a few topics given last year to test ability in writing French, the mother tongue of course, and then I finish with the scale used in marking in French universities. (I translate):

The disappearance of hand-labor in France and in other countries.

The principal qualities of letter writing.

Traveling broadens one's ideas; but one must know how to travel. (Montaigne).

What role does chance play in life?

There is a sort of shame in being happy while certain miseries still exist. (La Bruyère.)

Ennui has come into the world through laziness. (La Bruyère.)

Do not value money more or less than it is worth: it is a good servant and a bad master. (Dumas Fils.)

Scale for Classes of Foreigners only:

50-55—Passable,

56-65—Assez bien.

66-75—Bien.

76 and above—Très Bien.

Scale for French students and Foreigners able to qualify:

50—Passable,

60-70—Honorable,

Above 70—Très Honorable.

The candidate who gets a "Mention Honorable" is indeed a "rara avis," and in the vernacular he is a "phénix."

#### ALUMNI NOTES

The following news from Dartmouth is sent by Kenneth B. Hill, B. L. S. '21 and president of his class:

A. C. C. Hill Jr. '21 is a member of the Senior governing body and a member of the Dartmouth Outing Club.

Kenneth B. Hill '21 is on the 'varsity track team and the two-mile relay team.

Robert Dalrymple, formerly of the B. L. S., who was captain of last year's cross-country team, is now a member of the 'varsity team.

Albert Fusonie '24 is a first-string guard on the Freshman football team.

James Sullivan '22 is on the 'varsity golf team.

\* \* \*

Eliot M. Bailen '22 has been elected

to the Harvard chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa.

\* \* \*

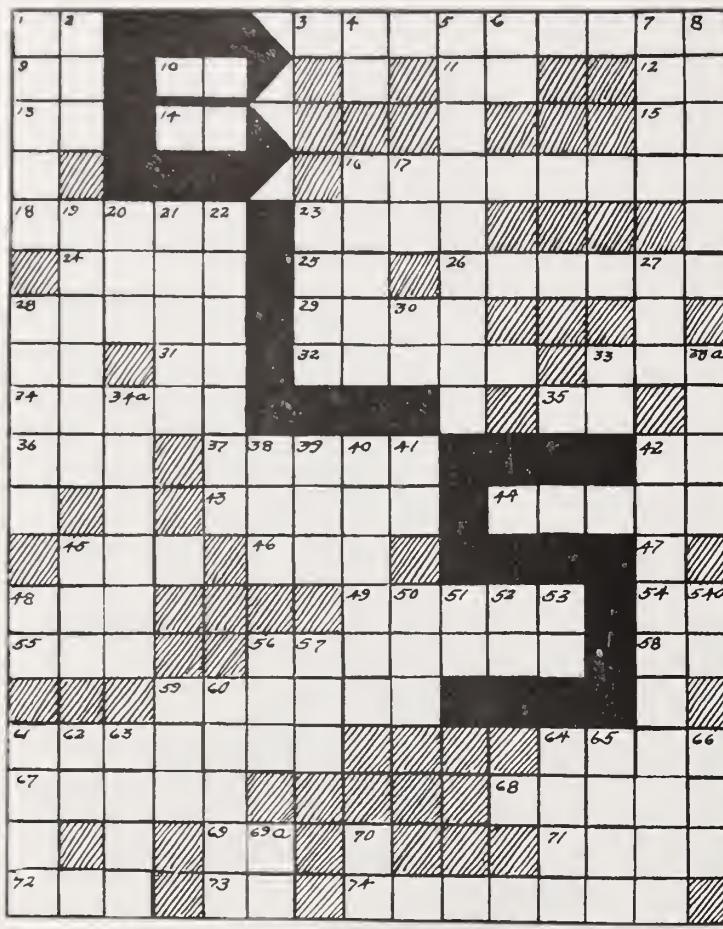
The Mary Copley Thaw Fellowship at Harvard for work in the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology has been awarded to Harry L. Shapiro, B. L. S. '19.

\* \* \*

Harold L. Gleason '13, who received the degree of A. M. from Trinity College last June, is head of the English Department at Kingswood School, West Hartford.

\* \* \*

William A. O'Shea '11 was married recently to Miss Louise McNamara, daughter of John F. McNamara.



## GREEK CROSSWORD PUZZLE

In solving use  
**ONLY** Greek characters.

Answer will be  
printed next issue.  
The names of those  
who have correctly  
solved it will prob-  
ably be also prin-  
ted.

### DEFINITIONS TO GREEK CROSS-WORD PUZZLE

#### Horizontal

1. Letter of the alphabet.
2. Mercenary.
3. Particle used in conditions.
4. Preposition.
5. Particle.
6. Form of "voicc" (Elided Homeric).
7. Particle in oaths.
8. As.
9. Two Alphas.
10. Book read in Class II.
11. Day.
12. Leader (Homeric).
13. As soon as.
14. An article.
15. Form of "all together".
16. Form of "strife" (Homeric).
17. Reins (Homeric).
18. Strength (Homeric).
19. Form of "island".
20. Indefinite pronoun.
21. Form of "having loosed".
22. Subjunctive of "go".
23. A perfect ending (3rd person).
24. A letter of the Alphabet.
25. Form of a pronoun.
26. I conquer.
27. Form of "greater".
28. Form of a pronoun.
29. Subjunctive of "to fill full".
30. Prefix for Superlative (Homeric).
31. "Why, pray?" (Homeric).

54. Wake.
55. Form of "his" (Homeric).
56. Form of mortal.
57. Preposition meaning "under"— elided.
58. Form of "go up".
59. Zeus-born.
60. Old form of word meaning "I am".
61. Form of "sacrifice" (Homeric).
62. He had.
63. Two Omicrons.
64. First plural ending.
65. Boar (Homeric).
66. You.
67. Form of "black".

#### Vertical

1. In every way.
2. In order that.
3. Form of "one" (Homeric).
4. Form of "sea" (Homeric).
5. Pronoun.
6. Streams (Homeric).
7. All.
8. Form of "unborn" (Homeric).
9. Nu Omicron.
10. Form of "part".
11. Preposition "to".
12. Form of "easy" (Homeric).
13. Participle of "rule" (Homeric).
14. Form of "arrogance" (Homeric).

27. Always.
28. Greece.
29. Strength (Homeric).
30. Form of "who".
31. Third personal pronoun.
32. Form of "grain".
33. Form of "one".
34. Prefix: "far" (Homeric).
35. Belly (Homeric).
36. Fill fuli (Homeric).
37. Subjunctive of "shoot".
38. Mountain.
39. Preposition "in" (Homeric).
40. Two "pi's".
41. Both (Enclitic).
42. Same as No. 48.
43. Under (Elided).
44. Usually with word meaning "but".
45. He went.
46. Prefix with superlative.
47. New land (Homeric).
48. Zeus.
49. Form of "send".
50. Form of "see".
51. I am.
52. He had (Homeric).
53. In order that.
54. Relative pronoun genitive.
55. Me (elided).

—By Charles F. Ferguson and  
G. A. Chenoweth

## The Club Page.

### THE DRAMATIC CLUB

The cast of the play "Seven Keys to Baldpate" which is to be presented by the Boston Latin School Dramatic Club has been selected, and rehearsals are being held regularly. The date of the presentation of the play is indefinite, but we expect to be able to give it in February. The budding author, William Magee, is portrayed by Bob Parks, whose leading lady, Mary Norton, is Vic Crona. The several villains include Lazard Seiff, who plays the part of John Bland, a professional crook; A. I. Abramson, who is the crooked mayor; and Kelso Sutton who makes a fine "villainess" in the part of Myra Thornhill, the black-mailer. Lou Max, the mayor's assistant, is enacted by Dave Sachs, and Max Kozodoy will be seen as Mr. Hayden, the president of the railroad, who does not hold himself aloof from crooked dealings. J. J. Hayes is Mrs. Rhodes, the charming widow, and Fisher will appear as the Chief of Police. The part of the ghostly hermit is enacted by L. Meyer. Al Kourouyen will be the owner of the inn, and the parts of Mr. Quimby, the caretaker, and his wife will be taken by J. J. Jarosh and Labowich respectively.

Under the tutelage of Mr. Russo, the play is progressing rapidly, and the club promises a rare treat for the school on that great night in February.

\* \* \*

### THE DEBATING CLUB

Meetings of this club are being held every Monday. At every meeting there

is an interesting debate, and the Program Committee promises a better debate each week. The members are putting the polish on their eloquence in preparation for the competition for the debating team. Challenges have been sent out and all that are sent to the club will receive careful consideration. We will probably meet on the platform such schools as Dorchester, Medford, and Everett.

Visitors are welcome at every meeting.

\* \* \*

### THE JUNIOR DEBATING CLUB

Up to two years ago, there was no school activity for the members of the Lower School. At that time a Junior Debating Club was organized for the younger students. This is the third year that we have such a club. It is open only to members of Classes IV and V, as the future orators believe that those in Class VI are far too youthful to belong. If any Freshman or Sub-Freshman entertains hopes of ever being on the Debating Team in the distant future, the best way for him to prepare for his career is to join this club.

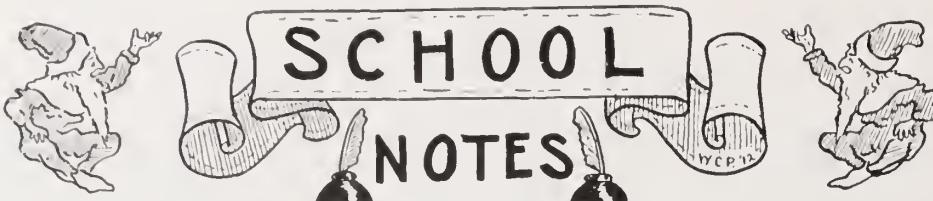
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### THE STAMP CLUB

The Stamp Club is again under the direction of Mr. French this year. At the first meeting F. Burnham was elected president and J. G. Harris was chosen vice-president. The club meets every Wednesday for the purpose of exchanging stamps. A very successful year is expected.

—L. H. S.





Our band is now assured us. In fact, it has already had several rehearsals. On Monday, November 10th, the candidates were called to the Assembly Hall. There Mr. Gardner and Mr. Sardillo were presented as our band instructors. Both men are Boston Symphony Orchestra players. Mr. Gardner gave a short talk and demonstration on the drum, and Mr. Sardillo played a selection or two on the trombone, both showing their ability in this line. Mr. O'Shea, director of music in Boston schools, then gave a talk. A great number of fellows desired instruction on the saxaphone. Mr. O'Shea advised them to take up clarinet instead. He said that by learning to play the clarinet, one would be learning to play two instruments; for he could easily change from clarinet to saxaphone. This change cannot be accomplished, he said, *vice versa*. He also added that all well-known saxaphone players have learned first to play the clarinet. As a result of this advice, the number of saxaphone aspirants for the band has been greatly reduced. The fellows who own instruments have already laid a firm foundation, and those who are receiving instruction on various instruments will, as they qualify, strengthen that foundation. Mr. Wagner is directing the work, so we ought to have a splendid military band by next spring.

\* \* \*

The cheer rally prior to our victory on Thanksgiving Day was held in the Exhibition Hall at noon, November 26. Our peerless cheer-leader, Kelso Sutton, assisted by Gibbons, led cheer practice. Mr. Fitzgerald spoke lightly about the

probable dreams of each member of the team of glorious victory and acclamation as a hero. He then dropped into a serious vein and told the school that the fellows of the squad who will be members of next year's team are those who attended practice faithfully every day and plodded away, not looking for words of praise from the onlooker but finding their encouragement in their own improvement.

Mr. Campbell spoke a few words and then presented Mr. O'Brien, the man who coached Latin School to victory for many years prior to 1922.

Our ex-coach said that it is the type of game and not the score that counts. Did our team do its best? is the real question to ask after the game. He reminded us that it would be the amount of support given by the cheering section which would decide the morrow's game and, as later events proved, we certainly heeded his advice.

We sang "On the Field of Many Colors" accompanied on the trumpet by Drum-Major Benjamin. Then we left the hall, brimming with expectant hopes.

\* \* \*

Now that football season is over, we focus our attention on track, and rightly so, for such veterans as Holzman, Hoye, Wildes, Finklestein, Horwitz, Epstein, F. O'Brien, and the three Sullivans, make the future look fairly bright.

\* \* \*

Last year's hockey team is still with us. It will be easy to pick a fine team from such material as Foster, Neal, Minton, McGrath, Martin, and Donaghy. Donaghy is captain this year.

The following appeared in the *Boston Traveler* of recent date:

Henry Pennypacker, '88, of Cambridge, former star weight thrower, with a national reputation as an educator, has been selected by the Harvard Corporation, as well as approved by the board of overseers, as the new chairman of the Harvard athletic committee.

Pennypacker is the father-in-law of Guy Richards, husky Yale tackle, whose sister married Tom Pennypacker, former crimson track star.

Pennypacker was widely known as headmaster of Boston Latin and a prominent figure in the education of the youth before he came to Harvard, where he now is chairman of the committee on admission.

President Lowell presented his name as chairman of the Harvard athletic committee to both official bodies and it met with instant approval. The new chairman won his laurels as an athlete when he captured the intercollegiate shotput title in 1888, before Harvard and Yale settled their track differences dually.

\* \* \*

Christmas Vacation! Sounds good. If we have done our best and are passing, let us *rest* for a week. Some of us, no doubt, will work during vacation, but even that will be a rest by comparison. It's the best part of the year. Let's take advantage of it!

#### LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor of the *Register*,

Sir:

**Is any student eligible for a position on the *Register* Staff? What are the conditions necessary for admission?**

Answer:

Any student in any class but VI or V is eligible for a position on the *Register*. To be admitted to the Staff, the applicant must not have been censured during the present school year. He must contribute either literary matter or advertisements; he will be judged on the merits of his literary material, or on the number of pages of advertisements secured.

\* \* \*

To the Editor of the *Register*,

Sir:

**Are there any fraternities in the Latin School? If so, how may I become a member?**

Answer:

Mr. Campbell, our headmaster, has forbidden any Latin School society to be formed to which any student of the school can not be admitted. This, of course, is in keeping with the democratic principles of our school. However, we understand that there is a fraternity composed of Latin School boys, but that it has no connection in any way with the school.

---

**Best wishes for a  
Merry Christmas and a Happy  
New Year.  
The Staff.**



The annual game with English High was played on Thanksgiving day before 15,000 people. The weather was ideal for the big game, but the field was very slippery, and this tended to make the chances of scoring bad.

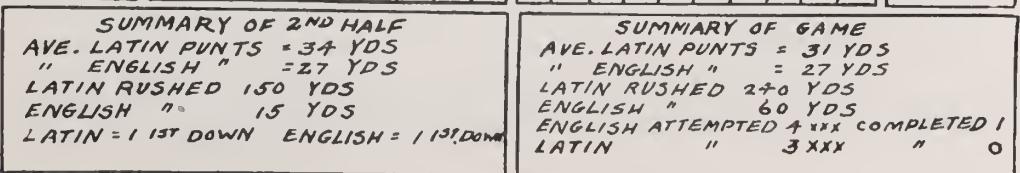
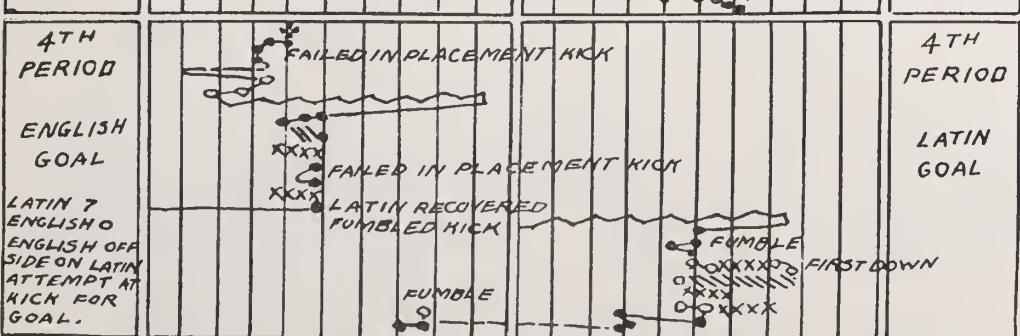
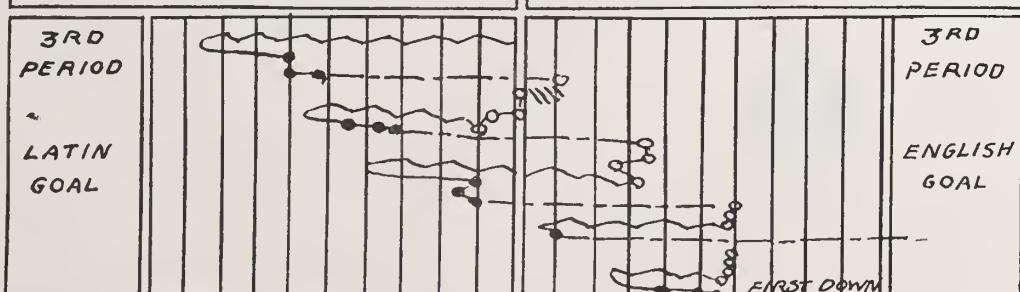
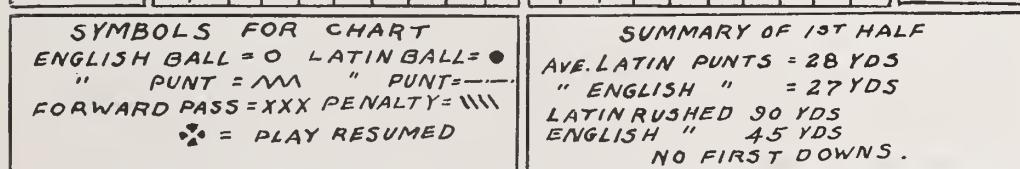
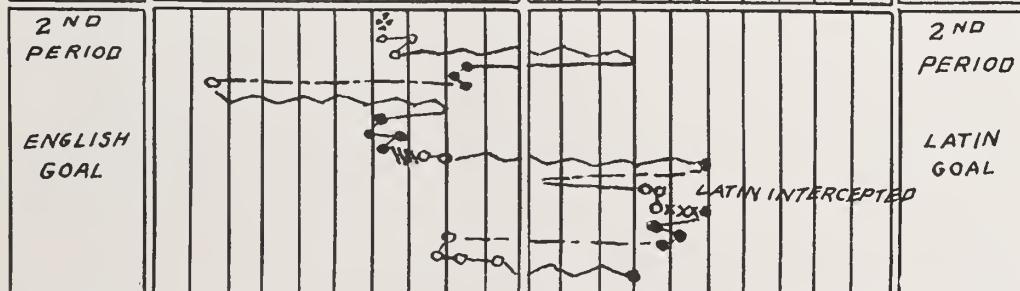
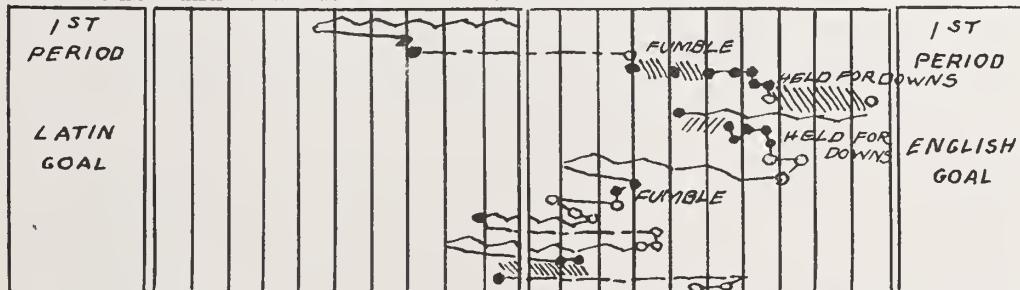
During the later part of September and the first few weeks of October the most partial fan could hardly say that we would beat English High this year. However the team stock took a remarkable jump after the Trade game and we entered the game a slight favorite over English as a result of the large score that we had run up on Mechanic Arts. But it is a well known fact that both teams rise to their greatest heights on Thanksgiving Day and while our team was vastly superior to the team that wore the crimson shirts in the first few games so was English High. This accounts for the close game and score. Both teams went on the field feeling that they were going to win and a great game it was. Neither team showed any marked superiority over the other, but Latin School played a bit the smarter football, used brain with its brawn, and therein lies the story of the score.

English High had blocked a placement kick, but it was recovered by Wilson of our school. On the next play another field goal was attempted, and this time the ball was touched by an English forward and rolled across the line. It was now a free ball on account of its being touched by English High, but nobody seemed to know this but Gildea. While Kelleher and his teammates were standing about it Gildea threw himself on the ball, and the referee correctly ruled it a touchdown for Latin School. The seventh point was scored because English was offside on the attempt. After the next kick-off English High had its one chance of the day to score after a penalty for holding had brought the ball to Latin's twenty-yard line. One rush made three yards, but all hopes for a score vanished when the ball was brought back to the thirty-five-yard line after another penalty for holding. Aside from these attempts to score, the game was played for the most part in the centre of the field. Donaghy, who proved himself one of the best backs of the season, was handicapped by the slippery field. However, he broke through twice for substantial gains.

It was a great game to win, but most of the credit for the score must go to Wilson and Gildea, Wilson who made it possible to try the kick, and Gildea who showed great alertness and football knowledge in recovering the ball. Captain Gildea closed a fine career as a football player at this school in a fine way. Minton gave Donaghy

CHART OF BOSTON LATIN - ENGLISH HIGH GAME.

0 5 10 15 20 25 30 35 40 45 50 45 40 35 30 25 20 15 10 5 0



I.P.

Contributed by J. G. Sullivan, '25

and Herbert some fine interference on offence, while he and Owens backed up the line in fine style on defence. Herbert also played a good game in the backfield. The whole line played well, with Parks and Sullivan standing out.

Congratulations are to be given to the whole team for its remarkable comeback. A rather bad season has ended in glory.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>English</i>
O'Leary, le	re, Davis
Sullivan, lt	rt, Michaelson
Williams, lg	rg Rudquist
Parks, c	c Feno
Colbert, rg	lg Regan. (Capt.)
Wilson, rt	lt Myerson
Gildea (Capt.), re	le McCarthy
Herbert, qb	qb Kelleher
Donaghy, lhb	rhb Roemer
Minton, rhb	lhb Marr
Owens, fb	fb Doherty

Score by periods:

Latin.....	0	0	0	7—7
------------	---	---	---	-----

Touchdowns—Gildea. Points after touchdown—Foul. Substitutions—Latin—rt Wineberg; lg Fisher; rhb Winer. English—rt Gorman; c Guber; le Shehan; rhb, Crossen; fb, Zide. Referee—Doc Mooney; umpire—J. J. Woodlock; head linesman—Tom Kenney; field judge—Jim Crowley. Length of periods—12 min.



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SEND FOR CIRCULAR

## Sidelights of the Game

The day for the annual pre-turkey contest was excellent, just the right sort of weather to inspire our scarlet-jerseyed warriors to win.

\* \* \* \* \*

The stands were full of people, young people and old people, teachers and students, fellows and girls, alumni and their better halves. Even the pigeons were hovering over the field of battle.

\* \* \* \* \*

What a roar from the stands arose when the Latin team, our team, trotted out from the dugout! Great Scott, we thought the roof rocked with the echo of it.

\* \* \* \* \*

We missed those amusing placards that appeared in former years, such as the cardboard goat on wheels with, "We've got English's goat" painted on it and the witty sayings that the smallest boy in Class VI used to display, standing on the shoulders of the cheerleaders.

\* \* \* \* \*

However, we enjoyed that little comedy, (which may well have been entitled, "Humbled English") that was enacted before us during the halves by two players, one in red jersey, the other in blue. The blue-jerseyed man became the object of boots, kicks, bangs, and finally the object of the victor's headguard. The loser ignominiously vanished into the dugout.

\* \* \* \* \*

The scarecrow, composed of a broom, a pair of pants, a dark blue sweater with a light blue E on it, tied together with string and pins, drew many laughs at poor old English's expense.

\* \* \* \* \*

Capt. Gildea proved his alertness all right, all right! The first time he fell on the ball back of the goal, some bright lads back of us from another section were full of caustic comments and wise cracks such as, "Aw, he knocked himself out when he fell on the ball!" But they didn't laugh when the joke was turned on them. For Gil made the winning and the only touchdown of the game by his alertness.

\* \* \* \* \*

*We notice that:*

Latin School's collective chest was swelled all out of proportion.

English's chest was correspondingly deflated.

Latin School will not have many bachelor graduates judging by the number of the fair sex clinging to Latin School's collective arm.

"Pinky" Holleran, this year's Dartmouth tackle, was given a rousing cheer both by his class and Latin School.

Games may come and games may go but the hot-dog vender goes on forever.

Purple feathers were stuck in Latin's hats.

Purple armbands graced many arms of the fair sex.

Pupils meeting teachers dropped all class room formality.

A great many fellows took Fred O'Brien's advice and after the game was over asked with a tantalizing drawl of any English High student they happened to meet "Say—er—how many years is it now—er—since English has won a game from Latin?" *That's all.*

B. L. S. 6 - H. S. C. 14

The first league game of the year was played with Commerce at Braves Field on October 29. The thought was prevalent everywhere except at the Latin School that Commerce would win by a large margin. But everybody who had seen the Quincy game realized that our team had at last started, and that the existent idea that Latin School would be defeated badly was all wrong. The score, 14-6, indicates a Commerce victory, but does not tell the whole story. Only one of these touchdowns by Commerce was deserved, for the other one was scored after a bad break against Latin School. Only once besides this was Commerce in a position to score, while Latin School was thrice inside of Commerce's 20-yard line. With a little added offense, it is doubtful to say what the score would have been. But leaving

all "ifs" aside, for they mean but little, the first chance to give the team credit for playing a good game must not be passed up. It was "Toots" Sullivan playing at end, who ran 65 yards for the first touchdown of the game, and of the season, for Latin School, recovering a Latin fumble on his own 35-yard line and running 65 yards for the score, after shaking off the only two tacklers between him and the goal line. Herbert proved to be the best running-back and made frequent gains, while his tackling was clean and hard. Owens and Minton, in the game mainly because of their tackling ability, fully lived up to all that was expected of them. Seliber, playing at end for the first time this year, proved a "find". The line, that place of hard work and little glory, showed unexpected strength. The work of Parks and Col-

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bert was especially outstanding. Wells played a fine game and frequently threw the opposing backs for losses. Donaghy, as usual, shone as a regular "triple threat" and played a great game.

Connolly caught the opening kick-off and was tackled on his own 35-yard line. Three rushes gave them a first down, but on the next play, after being thrown by Sullivan for a loss of six yards, Commerce punted. After one rush the kick was returned. Commerce now started its fumbling that led to Latin's first touchdown. Three times the ball was dropped, but far enough behind the scrimmage line to allow the Commerce backs to fall on it. After an exchange of punts, Commerce rushed the ball for a first down, and the quarter ended, first down coming, with ball on Latin's 35-yardline.

Commerce then rushed the ball twice for no gain, and on the next play, Sullivan recovered a fumble and ran 65 yards for the first score. Donaghy missed the point. After receiving the kickoff, Herbert ran the ball back about 15 yards to the 20-yard line. After an offside penalty, Latin School punted and Commerce then started their drive for the goal line. Four rushes gave them first down on Latin's 7-yard line, and on the next third down, Connolly went off tackle for six points. He then kicked the goal.

Receiving the kickoff again, Commerce punted after rushing the ball twice. Latin School then started a passing game but could make no gains. Wells then

recovered the ball after Donaghy had attempted a drop-kick; and a forward, Donaghy to Seliber, brought the ball to the 15-yard line. Here Donaghy again missed a goal, and the half ended with Commerce in possession of the ball on their own 20-yard line. In the second half both teams had chances to score, with Commerce making one touchdown. Donaghy's punt from a close formation was blocked early in the third quarter, and after bringing the ball to the 8-yard line, through penalties it was finally obliged to kick from Latin's 25-yard line. Latin School then kicked out of danger. For the remainder of the quarter the ball was rushed by both teams and the period ended with Herbert going through for 12 yards, leaving the ball on Commerce's 35-yard line.

When play was resumed, Commerce intercepted a forward, and on the next play brought the ball to Latin's 45-yard line. After two line plunges, Commerce punted and recovered on Latin's 20-yard line. Commerce then went off left end for 19 2-3 yards, and the ball was put in play again on Latin's one foot line. Commerce then rolled the ball over the line and recovered it for its second score. A bad kick after the next kickoff gave Latin School the ball on Commerce's 25-yard line. A long forward pass was missed by Wells and went into the end zone. The ball was brought out, and the game ended after Commerce had twice rushed the ball for no gain.

B. L. S. 0--B. T. S. 0

On November 7, Latin School held the strong Trade School to a 0-0 tie at Tech Field in Brookline. It was a very warm day, and both teams resorted to a kicking game, waiting for the breaks, so as not to tire the backs out. Trade was first in position to score after an exchange of punts and a fumble, and tried a drop kick, which failed. Latin School, with the aid of Donaghy's punts, which were considerably better than his opponent's,

then started up the field. Each exchange of kicks gave us five to ten yards and we had the ball on Trade's 30-yard line as the first period ended. Herbert opened the second half by going off left tackle for 12 yards. Trade then got out of a bad hole by recovering a fumble and kicked to midfield.

Soon after this, Latin had its best chance of the day to score. After an exchange of punts, Latin School re-

covered a fumble on Trade's 40-yard line. A forward pass, Donaghy to Herbert, brought the ball to the 25-yard line, and Donaghy then broke through for 15 more yards. But in three rushes Latin School had gained no more ground, so another drop kick was tried, with the same result as the other two. Trade then kicked to its own 40-yard line. The kicking game was again in order, and save for a gain of nine yards by Owens, neither team made any substantial gain till, with one minute to go, Trade recovered a Latin forward and made about 20 yards before being tackled by Owens. On the next play, "Toots" Sullivan blocked a forward pass and the game ended with the ball on Latin's 45-yard line. The game, as I have said, seemed rather slow because of both teams punting so much, but Latin School's team could easily be seen to be greatly improved. Owens made several good gains and backed up the line in fine style on defense. "Gus" Herbert, playing quarterback for the first time, proved a consistent ground gainer and handled the team in fine shape. The whole team, in fact, played well and is to be congratulated for holding a supposedly far superior team to a tie.

\* \* \*

#### B. L. S. 0—D. H. S. 7

Showing the best team that it has had in years, Dorchester High defeated Latin School 7-0 on November 11. Dorchester is one of the best teams that Latin School has played this year, if not the best, and only our wonderful defense and good share of luck kept the score down. The game was played, for the most part, in Latin's territory, and Dorchester was four times in a position to score. In the first half, Dorchester started rushing the ball from her own 45-yard line, and soon had the ball on our 10-yard line. Here a penalty for holding brought the ball out of danger and Dorchester tried a drop kick, which missed the uprights. Both teams then started to punt, and Dor-

chester started its next drive from mid-field, and after Beveridge had brought the ball to our 25 yard line after a long run, a series of rushes brought the ball to our one foot line. Here good luck stepped in to save us, as the whistle blew for the end of the half. It was certainly a bad break for Dorchester High.

Opening the second half, Beveridge again reeled off another long run and brought the ball to our 20-yard line. Then Latin School suffered a bit of bad luck when, after blocking Dorchester's attempt at a drop kick, Beveridge recovered the ball and Dorchester again had the ball on the 20-yard line as the third period ended. In two rushes Dorchester had the ball on Latin's 4-yard line, but here our line took a remarkable stand and held Dorchester for downs. Latin then kicked to its own 35-yard line and again Dorchester started for our goal line. Concannon made a long gain to the 18-yard line. Beveridge then made eight more and Moulton gave Dorchester first down on our 5-yard line after going off tackle for 3 yards. Concannon brought the ball to the one yard line and on the next play Moulton went across for the lone score of the day. A forward pass, Beveridge to Moulton, gave them the seventh point. After the next kickoff, Dorchester made a long run and seemed likely to score again, but Latin School recovered a fumble, and the game ended with the ball on our 35-yard line. Our backs played a fair game, but this time all the credit for keeping the score down goes to the line. Every one of them played a great game. Donaghy's tackles on the open field were, as usual, spectacular.

The summary:

<i>Dorchester</i>	<i>Latin</i>
Nelson, le	re, Weinberg
Barry, lt	rt, Lenin
Silverman, lg	rg, Colbert
Minahan, c	c, Parks
O'Connell, rg	lg, Williams
Golub, rt	lt, Sullivan

Milligan, re	le, O'Leary
Moulton, qb	qb, Herbert
Concannon, lhb	rhb, Donaghy
Beverage, rhb	lhb, Owen
McDonald, fb	fb, Minton

\* \* \*

B. L. S. 27—M. A. H. S. 2

Getting sweet revenge for last year's defeat and running up the largest score in two years, we defeated Mechanic Arts High 27 to 2 on November 19. The game was all Latin School and Donaghy. It was Donaghy who paved the way for three of the touchdowns by his long runs and forward passes and his long punts gave Latin School a decided edge in the kicking game. The first score came early in the first quarter as a result

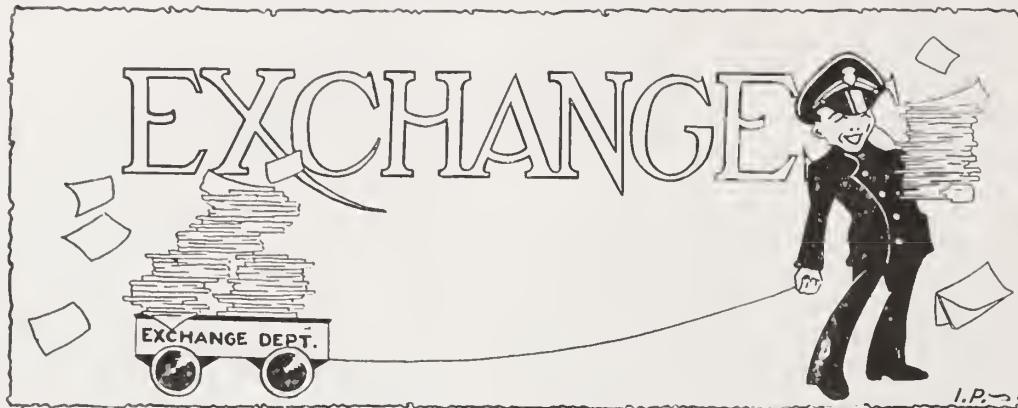
of a 50-yard runback of a punt by Donaghy which brought the ball to our 15-yard line. On the next play he carried the ball the remaining distance to the goal for 6 points. O'Leary was the hero of the next score. He recovered a fumble on Latin's 45-yard line and brought the ball to the one foot line before being tackled. It was hard luck to lose an opportunity like that, but as Donaghy crossed the line a second time on the next play, all the credit for the score must go to O'Leary. Herbert made the third score after a third long run by Donaghy. The last count of the day came in the last quarter after two long forwards, Donaghy to Owens, and Donaghy to Goode. The game soon ended.

The long awaited "arrival" of the team had finally come to pass, the team seemed filled with an entirely new spirit and displayed proficiency in all departments of the game. Donaghy, as I have said, played a wonderful game, but a good deal of the credit for his long runs must go to the backs and ends who gave him great interference until he could get loose. Herbert, Minton and Owens cleaned out the opposing secondary defense in good shape. The whole team played fine, with Parks and O'Leary particularly outstanding in the line. After the showing in this game, Latin School will go into its big game with English High on Thanksgiving Day on even terms, and should have a good chance to win the game, which seemed like an impossible thing three weeks ago. Gildea, back again after a long absence, proved that if a drop kick is needed he will be able to deliver the goods.

The summary:

<i>Latin</i>	<i>Mechanic Arts</i>
O'Leary, le	re, Ott
Sullivan, lt	rt, Washewitz
Williams, lg	rg, Goetz
Parks, c	c, Thomas
Colbert, rg	lg, Drew
Wilson, rt	lt, Cusick
Gildea, re	le, DeVitt
Herbert, qb	qb, Snyder
Minton, lhb	rhb, Sherman
Donaghy, rhb	lhb, Whitehead
Owens, fb	fb, Donnolly

Boston Latin 27, Mechanic Arts 2. Touchdowns—Donaghy 2, Herbert, Goode. Points after touchdown—Gildea 2 (foul). Safeties—Williams. Substitutions—Boston Latin—lhbt, Weiner; qb, Hoey; re, Weinberg; rg, Fisher; le, Maloney; qb, Milhearn; c, Levin; lg, Coughman; lt, R. Parks; lhb, Halpin; rt, Hayes; re, Rowe. Mechanic Arts—c, Gerrusi; lhb, Lovatier. Referee—Tom McCabe. Umpire—Mooney. Head linesman—Crowley. Time—12-minute periods.



### AS WE SEE OTHERS

The *Goldenrod*, Quincy High School,  
Quincy, Mass.:—

A new and welcome exchange. Your Senior Number was replete with interest. A "contents" page would add to your paper, however.

\* \* \*

The *Imp*, Brighton High School, Brighton, Mass.:—

Your introductory number contained some good material. A good cover design would make the paper more attractive and the addition of a few more pages would benefit your magazine. And where were the jokes this month?

\* \* \*

The *Red and Blue*, University of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.:—

One of our best exchanges to date. The play review is an interesting feature of your commendable magazine.

\* \* \*

The *Iris*, Philadelphia Girls' High School, Philadelphia, Pa.:—

This is one of the best arranged and well written school papers we have seen. Every one of the 40 pages contains something worthy of praise. Come again!

\* \* \*

The *Somerset Idea*, Somerset, Kentucky:

A novel little magazine filled with interest from cover to cover. We failed to find a single story in it, though.

The *Hill Record*, Hill School, Pottstown, Pa.:—

The last issue of this delightful magazine maintains the usual excellent qualities of the previous *Records* which we have received. The editorial, "Leader," was quite refreshing in its departure from the cut and dried exhortations to study which adorn most school magazines at this season of the year.

\* \* \*

The *Shuttle*, High School of Practical Arts, Roxbury, Mass.:—

A neat little paper, just small enough to hide behind a school book. We wonder how you manage to get along without ads, though. We also hope to see an exchange column next month.

\* \* \*

The *Herald*, Holyoke High School, Holyoke, Mass.:—

A very creditable magazine. But why not have one or two longer stories instead of a number of one page articles? We missed your exchange column this month.

\* \* \*

The *Distaff*, Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.:—

More stories and jokes would add to your otherwise well-arranged paper. We hope to see your exchange column next month.

If tea leaves, has coffee grounds for a divorce?

\* \* \*

Jack:—"Do you know what is a sure sign of death?"

Jim:—"Don't know, I'll bite!"

Jack:—"A crepe on the door."

\* \* \*

First housewife:—"Where have you been?"

Second housewife:—"Shopping in Dorr's Market. Oh, I saw your husband there."

First housewife:—"Where, in Dorr's?"

Second housewife:—"No, outdoors."

\* \* \*

An officer was showing an old lady over the battleship.

"This," said he, pointing to an inscribed plate upon the deck, "is where our gallant captain fell."

"No wonder," replied the old lady, "I nearly slipped myself."

—*Pasadena Chronicle*

\* \* \*

Teach. (to dreaming student): "What is the past participle of the verb *mettre*?"

Awakening pupil: "Me?"

Teacher: "Correct." —*Iris*

\* \* \*

Drug Clerk: "Did you kill any moths with those moth balls I gave you?"

Disconsolate Customer: "No! I tried for five hours, but I couldn't hit a one!"

—*Shuttle*

"You ought to get married, Mr. Oldchapp."

Mr. Oldchapp (earnestly):—"I have wished many times lately that I had a wife."

Miss Antique (delighted):—"Have you really?"

Mr. Oldchapp:—"Yes. If I had a wife, she'd probably have a sewing machine, and the sewing machine would have an oil can, and I could take it and oil my office door. It squeaks horribly."

—*Boston Post*

\* \* \*

In days of old  
When knights were bold,  
And sheet iron trousers wore,  
They lived in peace  
For then a crease  
Would last five years or more.  
In those old days  
They had a craze  
For steel shirts: and they wore them!  
And there was bliss  
Enough in this—  
The laundry never tore them.

—*Herald*

\* \* \*

Sonny: "Aw, Pop, I don't wanter study arithmetic!"

Pop: "What? A son of mine grow up and not be able to figure out batting averages and baseball scores? Never!"

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She: "I consider, John, that sheep are the stupidest creatures living."

He (absently): "Yes, my lamb."

\* \* \*

There once was a lady from Guam  
Who said, "Now the sea is so calm,  
I will swim for a lark."  
But she met with a shark.

Let us now sing the ninetieth psalm.

\* \* \*

There was a young lady, named Hannah  
Who slipped on a peel of banana.

More stars she espied  
As she lay on her side  
Than are found in the Star Spangled  
Banner.

\* \* \*

The good die young: Here's hoping  
that you may live to a ripe old age.

\* \* \*

You can always tell the English,  
You can always tell the Dutch,  
You can always tell the Yankees,  
But you can't tell them much.

Willie; "Pa."

Pa; "Yes."

Willie: "Teacher says we're here to help others."

Pa: "Of course we are."

Willie: "Well, what are the others here for?"

\* \* \*

When Mark Twain was editor of a Missouri paper, a subscriber wrote to him, saying that he had found a spider in his paper, and asked him whether this was a sign of good or bad luck. The humorist wrote him this answer, and printed it in the paper:

"Old Subscriber: Finding a spider in your paper was neither good luck nor bad luck for you. The spider was merely looking over our paper to see which merchant is not advertising, so that he can go to that store, spin his web across the door, and lead a life of undisturbed peace ever afterward."

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The *Observer*, Peabody High School, Peabody, Mass.:—

Your usual excellent publication contained much merit and many interesting short stories. No humor column appeared this month, however.

\* \* \*

The *Jabberwock*, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.:—

Much improved over previous years. The poem, "Too Much Erasing" was very good.

\* \* \*

The *Record*, English High School, Boston, Mass.:—

The editorial "Our Teachers" was excellent. You have a very good Exchange Column. The blankness of your title page was conspicuous.

### AS OTHERS SEE US

"Don't put off until tomorrow what you can do today, for by the street 'By-and-By' we reach only the House of Never." (Quoted from "Register" editorial in October issue.) It was interesting to note that your school is organizing a band. So are we.

—*The Student*, Holmes High School,  
Covington, Ky.

\* \* \*

Always an interesting exchange. The editor of your class notes certainly has fine school spirit.

—*The Tradesman*, High School of Commerce, Boston.

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A very young doctor, opening a brand new surgery, waited all day without a visitor until at last a breathless man came running up the drive.

"Sit down," said the young doctor soothingly. "What can I do for you?"

"I must get on the telephone—at once," gasped the visitor. "My wife's ill, and I want to ring up my doctor."

—*London Daily Express.*

\* \* \*

He took her hand in his and gazed proudly at the engagement ring he had placed on her finger only three days before.

"Did your friends admire it?" he inquired, tenderly.

"They did more than that," she replied, coldly. "Two of them recognized it."

\* \* \*

A quack doctor was praising his "medicines" to a rural audience.

"Yes, ladies and gentlemen," he said, "I have sold these pills for over twenty years, and never have I heard one word of complaint about them. What does that prove?"

From a voice in the crowd came this reply: "Dead men tell no tales."

—*Exchange*

"My dear," complained the 1923 model husband when dinner was over, "why can't you go to as a good a delicatessen store as Mother used to go to?"

—*Life.*

Jack:—"So your father demurred at first because he didn't want to lose you?"

Ethel:—"Yes; but I won his consent. I told him that he need not lose me. We could live with him, and so he would not only have me, but a son-in-law to boot."

"H'm! I don't like that expression 'to boot'."

\* \* \*

For four consecutive nights the hotel proprietor watched his fair, timid guest fill her pitcher at the water-tap.

"Madam," he said, on the fifth night, "if you would ring, this would be done for you."

"But where is my bell?" she asked.

"The bell is beside your bed," replied the proprietor.

"That the bell!" she exclaimed. "Why, the boy told me that was the fire alarm, and that I wasn't to touch it on any account."

—*Boston Post*

\* \* \*

Mrs. Borden:—"I was a fool when I married you."

Borden:—"And yet some people say happiness comes from marrying our opposites."

—*Judge.*

\* \* \*

He—"Why the deuce do I struggle with this piffling job?"

Fair typist—"Don't be discouraged; think of the mighty oak—it was once a nut like you."

—*Boston Transcript.*

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### LATE NEWS

We take pleasure in announcing that James G. "Tubber" Colbert was elected Captain of the 1925 football team at the election, December 5.

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Jake was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I gotta have a sack o' flour, I'm all out, and my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer. "If you need a sack of flour and have no money to buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see here Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a sack of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh no," said Jake. "I got the circus money all saved up."



"Ha! I'll fool these bloodhounds yet!" cried the villain, and slipping on a pair of rubbers, he erased his tracks.



"It's the little things in life that tell," said the girl, as she dragged her kid brother out from underneath the sofa.

#### A SLIGHT ERROR

"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap," Johnny repeated it after his father several times and seemed to have mastered the correct wording. As they drew near Sunday School father gave Johnny his last rehearsal. "Now, son," he said, "let's have the Golden Text once more."

This is what he got:

"Whatsoever a man sews always rips."



Joe: "If a boy is standing on a bridge and there is an aeroplane above him and a motorboat beneath, what is his name?"

Moe: "Dunno, what is it?"

Joe: "O'Brien."

Moe: "Why?"

Joe: "Because his father's name was O'Brien."

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